When I Go Home.

When I go home, when I go home to him!
I like to picture to myself his way
Of greeting me, and what his lips shall say,
And mine reply; and will his eyes be dim,

With mist of joy-tears? Will my coming be
As dear a boon to him as he has dreamed?
Will all the glad bewilderment that seemed
So sweet in fancy find its verity.

When I come home? Or will some fancied change
Of speech, or look, or mien the one transform
Who used to wear for him a nameless charm,
Tempering his joy with shadows new and strange?

With shadows darkling for a little space,
And then, O, sweet beyond imagining,
The cadence, half sob, half song, will ring
With the old music, hallowing the place.

My glad heart has no room in it for doubt,
The morning glories clambering at the door,
With leaves and blooms, and tendrils leaning o'er,
Flecking the sunshine, cannot keep it out.

I love to fancy the felicities
That shall be mine upon that day of days,
The old endeavoring names, and tricks of phrase,
And smiles that haunted all my reveries.

If rain or sunshine be, or gloom or gleam,
The day of my return, sweet opulence
Of gladness flooding mood and circumstance
Shall smile across the mists with roseate beam.

When I go home again! When I go home!
My feet have strayed upon these journeyings,
But my heart never; all my longing clings
To the old haunts; always my fancies come.

Back to the old abiding-place to rest,
Howe'er I wander under alien skies;
And find forever there their paradise,
Love's very self answering my heart's behest.

Rosaline E. Jones.

LITTLE JIM'S FUNERAL.

Little Jim's death has caused a good deal of talk.

Of that there was no doubt.

Every motherly person in that portion of South Brooklyn known as the "Patch" has been talking about it for the last week, for Jim was one of the celebrities of that locality.

It is not alone of his death they are talking, however, for that had been anticipated for some time, and besides deaths are so common there that but little is thought of it. Mrs. Moriarty, one of the leading ladies of the "Patch," expressed the general opinion tersely but fairly when she said recently: "Sure the worst thing about dyin' is that betehune the docthors, the wake, the undertakers, an' the buryin' it's chaper to live"—a rather mixed statement, the meaning of which is clear, however.

No, it was not the death of little Jim that caused all the talk before referred to.

Not at all.

It was his funeral that gave rise to all the talk. It was one of the most remarkable funerals ever seen in south Brooklin.

No one who knew Little Jim in life would have supposed that he could command such honor in death.

Jim's life was not one that even the ordinary street arab would naturally envy.

The locality in which Jim lived and died does not include among its inhabitants any whose names figure in any elite directory. There are a sprinkling of longshoremen, some junkmen and truckmen, some ordinary laborers, and some people who neither toil nor spin. There are the usual dingy rum-shops that are more prosperous than any other kind of shops. There are pigs, and goats, and dogs innumerable, that always seem to be engaged in breaking city ordinances and getting their owners into trouble. Taking it all in all, it is a unique locality in more respects than one.

Tradition in the patch has it that at one period Jim had a father and mother. Now, society at the Patch does not ask for much, but it would seem that the parents of Jim did not come up to the social requirements of even this easy-going locality, so that there was no regret when Jim's mother died after a prolonged spree, and his father left the Patch never to return. This did not occur, however, until after in some friendly brawl, one or the other, or both of them, had in some manner, injured Jim so that he remained a cripple until the day of his death.

It was about this time that Timothy Murphy, longshoremen, coming home from his work one night, and being thirsty, directed his steps to a resort for the bibulously inclined, known as the Hole in the Wall." He was just quenching his thirst when he saw a dwarfish form enter, partly with the assistance of an improvised crutch.

The gentleman who presided in the establishment leaned over the counter.

"Well, what is it?" he demanded.

"I'm lookin' for me fadder," was the reply.

"Well, yer father an't here, so you'd better get out."

"Hold on," said Mr. Murphy, longshoreman, at this juncture. "Come here, me lad. It's meself that knows yer blaggard of a father, an' it's me opinion ye'll see him no more, an' sorra the much loss."

The boy set up a whimper, and then the big longshoreman put his broad hand over his mouth.

"Whisht," he said, "come with me," and the burly longshoreman and the little cripple left the store together.

A few moments later Mr. Sullivan, longshoreman, appeared in his own domicile with little Jim.

"It's that bye of Flaherty's Mary," said he to his motherly looking wife. "Give him a sup an' a place to sleep. We've enough av our own to feed, but wan more'll make little difference. If we've a feast we'll not miss what he eats. If we've a famine sorry bit av me but thinks that he's used to the same."

And that is the way Jim became domiciled with the Murphys. Hard enough times the Murphys had of it, too, for there were days and weeks when Murphy, longshoreman, had enough to do to keep his family in bread. Yet the ugly duckling that he had taken in got as good as the Murphys did. The warm heart of Mrs. Murphy went out to the little forlorn cripple, and she treated him as though he had been her own child.

Nor was Jim ungrateful. He developed a variety of talents that brought many a penny into the treasury of the Murphys. He was errand boy for most of the Patch, and spite his crutch could perform a mission more quickly than most other boys and with more intelligence. He also picked up somehow the art of writing in a queer spider-like fashion, and wrote letters for those denizens of the Patch who could not write themselves. There is a formula followed in writing such letters as these, for the writer always starts out with the rather superfluous announcement that he "takes his pen in hand" and always ends by "wishing this will find you in good health as it leaves me at present," regardless of his actual condition of health. This formula is as immovable as were the laws of the Medes and Persians, and by his fidelity to it little Jim added to his popularity and his income.

Then Jim had a little, cracked voice, with just a little sweetness in it, and he sang two or three songs in a manner that the people of the Patch considered as being extremely artistic. Jim's repertoire was not extensive. He sang "Only a Picture," and warbled about the Scotch lad Geordie, who left his Jean to fight with the Scotch brigade and never came back, and he sang about a letter that some one had received from Ireland. In addition he somehow learned to play several airs on an old accordion that belonged to the Murphy family.

All last summer Jim used his accomplishment in various directions and picked up a good many dollars. Most of these went into the Murphy treasury, but one day in rummaging about his bed Mrs. Murphy found an old handkerchief, and tied up in it were several dollars in small silver.

"Lord love the boy, it's savin' up for somethin' he is," said good-natured Mrs. Murphy. And she tied up the money and placed it where she had found it. She said nothing to Jim about it, but afterward came to the conclusion that bit by bit Jim was adding to his hoard.

One day Jim, who seemed to have something on his mind, surprised the good woman by abruptly asking:

"Where do the people in the Patch be buried when they die?"

"Arrah, Jim, what's the matter? What questions are you askin'?" said the astonished woman.

"I asked you where people that dies around here are buried," said Jim sturdily.

"Where, sure, but in the cimitery," responded Mrs. Murphy.

"And if I died where would I be buried?" said the persistent Jim.

"The Lord forbid ye should die, Jim; but if ye did the ould man an' mesilf has wan lot in the cimitery where our weeny wans is buried, and ye should lay there, Jim."

Jim looked both relieved and thoughtful, and left the house without asking any more questions. Mrs. Murphy, in her perplexity, told her husband of her conversation.

"I dunno', Mary," said the longshoreman thoughtfully, "they say children can look ahead, an' the bye is too knowin' to live. That cough av his, too, is bad. But don't borry trouble."

It was certain when the winter opened that Jim was getting thinner, and that he had a painful cough, which was growing worse. The people of the Patch had enough to do to live, and yet there was not a house in it where Jim was not welcome to whatever there was. His conversation with Mrs. Murphy about burial had been quietly circulated, and among these simple superstitious people it invested him with new interest. Another thing about Jim that caused much comment was the manner in which Jim hung constantly about the shop of the good-natured Irishman who buried most of the persons who died in the Patch.

One day the latter was astonished on entering the shop to find Jim following at his heels and making mysterious signs to him. Drawing him to one end of the counter Jim produced a small bundle from his coat. Untying it, he dumped out a pile of silver.

"How much is a funeral?" he demanded sententiously.

"Why, Jim, what do you mean?" asked the astonished undertaker.

"How much is a funeral?" Jim again demanded.

"Well, that depends on who it is for," said the undertaker, hoping to draw the boy out.

"Well," responded Jim, "it may be for me an' it may be for some one else. There is $16. When I have more I'll give it to you. When I want this funeral I'll want it bad. I want it to be the real thing. Black horses an' them things on top of the hearse an' all that. You'll tend to all that, will ye?"

"Yes, Jim; of course," said the still bewildered undertaker.

"All right, then," said Jim marching out, leaving the money on the counter.

"Well, if that don't bate all," muttered the undertaker to himself when the boy had gone out. "That gosoon bargainin' for his own funeral. It bates the fairies."

The queer bargain that Jim made was soon talked about, and he became a greater object of interest. It was plain now to all who knew Jim that his days were numbered. It seemed strange that the forlorn, neglected child should have his heart set upon having a splendid funeral, but he had, and the undertaker with whom he had made his agreement had let it be known that the boy should have a funeral equal to any that ever left the Patch.

A couple of weeks ago it was plain that the end was near. Jim was forced to lie in bed very quiet; and thin and pale he was, too. Up to this time he had said nothing further about burial to Mrs. Murphy. Finally he called her to him.

"It's all right, wot you said about the grave, an't it?" he asked.

"Yes, Jim," was the tearful answer; "but ye may get well yet."

"I won't," said Jim with a touch of his old obstinacy, "an' when I'm dead I want everybody to come in an' see me." Here Jim delved under his pillow very painfully and brought out two or three silver pieces. "Here, ma'm. You kin get some pipes and tobakker an' snuff. They always has them, don't they, at real funerals?" he asked somewhat anxiously, and seemed relieved when he was assured that the articles named would be procured.

"You needn't worry about the funeral, ma'm," continued Jim. "I saved up money an' bought that myself. I've been thinkin' for a good while that I'd need it. I'd like to see that chap wat I brought it from, though."

Half an hour later the undertaker was at Jim's bedside. Jim looked up with a wan smile of recognition. Then he reached under his pillow again and found a few more silver pieces.

"They're the last I have," he said, as he put them into the undertaker's hand, despite the latter's protest.

"Is that funeral most ready?" he asked.

"Yes, Jim."

"Well," said Jim, with a weak smile, "I'm most ready for the funeral. The hearse and them things on top, is they all right?"

"Yes, Jim; all right."

"An' the carriages, an' the black horses, an' all that?"

"Yes, Jim; all right."

"All right, then," said Jim, a little wearily. "I'm a little tired now, an' I guess I'll go to sleep."

And he did! When they come to look at him some time later he was sleeping his last sleep with a smile on his face.

And the Patch honored him in death as it honors few in life. The undertaker more than kept his word with Jim. The Murphy cottage was small and the undertaker had the body of the dead moved to his best room, where it lay in state for two days, during which time all the Patch visited the rooms. Nor did Mrs. Murphy forget her commission. The tobacco and the pipes and the snuff were there.

And the funeral! That was a revelation to the Patch. The hearse had waving plumes, to the surprise of some of the natives who had thought that no one lower in the social circle than an alderman or a prosperous liquor dealer could be so honored. The black horses were there, and the undertaker in person superintended the funeral instead of delegating this duty to an assistant.

It was a proud day for Mrs. Murphy, who wore her black beaded cashmere dress, bought many years ago ready-made and only worn on state occasions. With Mr. Murphy and the young Murphys she had the carriage next to the hearse, and there were some twenty other carriages. Even the proprietor of the "Hole in the Wall" was fain to bow to the exigencies of the occasion and rode to the funeral in solemn state, while several local politicians, with an eye to the main chance, also attended.

Mrs. Murphy, in speaking of the matter, wiped her eyes as she said:

"I feel as though wan av me own had gone from me; but there's wan comfort. Little Jim was buried like a gintleman."

One of the younger inhabitants of the Patch had something to say about the matter, too, when he was seen. "You kin say that our Jim is going to have a monument," he said. "We're raisin' the money an' it's goin to be a dandy. We're goin' to have somethin' on the stone, too, that'll kinder tell wot kind of a feller little Jim wuz. Some of the boys wuz a thinkin' about somethin' like this," said Jim's friend, producing rather a dirty piece of paper on which was written:

"Our Jim.
His legs wuz crooked
But he wuz straight."

"It may not be in just that style, but them's about our sentiment's," concluded Jim's friend.

And so, while Jim in life was of little consequence, after death he has been honored. The same can not be said of the great ones of the earth.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Queen Victoria's Eccentricities.

One of her peculiarities is her jealous care about everything pertaining to her late husband. His personal property is in the same condition in which he left it. His horses died in their stalls without having been mounted after his death. His slippers and dressing-gown are every night placed in their accustomed position, while the Queen sits on the opposite side of the fireplace and thinks of the days gone by, and, it is said, believes that his spirit is present to commune with her.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The Eleventh Commandment.

George Francis Train says he has been long enough in Boston to learn that the eleventh commandment in that city is "Thou shalt not get aught."

Thackeray's Father.

There is a picture we used to look at as children in the nursery at home, and which my own children look at now, as it hangs upon the wall. It is a water-color sketch, delicately pencilled and tinted, done in India some three-quarters of a century ago by Chinery, a well-known artist of those days, who went to Calcutta and depicted the people there with charming skill.

This picture represents a family group,—father, mother, infant child,—a subject which has been popular with painters ever since they first began their craft. Long before Raphael's wondrous art was known, this particular composition was a favorite with artists and spectators, as I think it will ever be, from generation to generation, while mothers continue to clasp their little ones in their arms. This special group of Thackerays is almost the only glimpse we have of my father's earliest childhood, but it gives a vivid passing impression of his first home, which lasted for so short a time. My long, lean, young grandfather sits at such ease as people allowed themselves in those classic days, propped in a stiff chair, in tight white ducks and pumps, and with a kind, grave face. He was Mr. Richmond Thackeray, of the Bengal Civil Service, the then revenue collector of the districts called "the twenty-four Perganas." My grandmother, a beautiful young woman of some two and twenty summers, stands, draped in white, with a certain nymph-like aspect, and beside her, perched upon half a dozen big piled books, with his arms round his mother's neck, is her little son, William Makepeace Thackeray, a round-eyed boy of three years old, dressed in a white muslin frock. He has curly, dark hair, an innocent face, and a very sweet look and smile. This look was almost the same indeed after a lifetime; neither long years of work and trouble, nor pain, nor chill winters of anxiety ever dimmed its clear simplicity, though his spectacles may have sometimes come between his eyes and those who did not know him very well.

He used to take his spectacles off when he looked at this old water-color. "It is a pretty drawing," he used to say; but if his father, in the picture, could have risen from the chair he would have been about nine feet high, according to the length of the legs there depicted. My own father used to tell us he could just remember our grandfather, a very tall, thin man, rising out of a bath. He could also remember the crocodiles floating on the Ganges, and that was almost all he ever described of India, though in his later writings there are many allusions to East Indian life. In "The Tremendous Adventures of Major Gahagan," for instance, there is enough meaning and intention in the names and Hindustanee to show that he still retained something of his early impressions.

A year after the sketch in question was painted, the peaceful home in India was broken up forever. The poor young collector of the twenty-four Perganas died of a fever on board a ship, where he had been carried from the shore for fresher air; this was about 1816, when my father was five years old.

Richmond Thackeray was himself little over thirty when he died. His young widow remained in India with her mother, and married a second time. Two years after her first husband's death, her little son came back to England with a cousin of the same age, both returning under the care of an Indian civilian, Mr. James McNabb, who had promised to befriend the children on the journey home, and of whose kindness we were often told in our childhood.—*From Anne Thackeray Ritchie, in St. Nicholas.*

A Ludicrous Blunder.

An amusing mistake of a telegraph operator, which might have been attended with unpleasant results, was brought to my notice recently, says the *Brooklyn Citizen*. The son of a well-known gentleman living on the Heights had been seriously ill, and the father was, of course, anxious about his condition. When he left the house in the morning he left instructions that should the condition of Amos, his son, become worse during the day a telegraphic dispatch should be sent to him. Amos grew worse and the following dispatch was sent:

"Amos quite ill. Come home at once."

The Brooklyn operator sent the dispatch, which, when it reached New York, read like this:

"A mosquito ill. Come home at once."

The father received the message, and, as he did not understand it, did not go home. At night the father made inquiries at home about the meaning of the message, when he learned the mistake of the operator. He determined to find out who was responsible, and made a complaint to the president of the telegraph company. The matter was investigated and a volume of correspondence was the result. It was found that the number of words in the message delivered were counted the same by both operators. The New York operator said that he asked the Brooklyn man three times whether the first word was mosquito or not, and received an affirmative reply three times. The matter was settled by the discharge of the offending operator.

Eagle and Crows.

A large gray eagle trespassing upon the feeding grounds of a flock of crows at Fishkill, N. Y., was set upon by a dozen or more of the crows and driven bleeding from the field after a battle of half an hour.

A Hunter's Adventure.

J. B. Blocker, a locomotive engineer on the Colorado Midland Railway, took out the work train recently, and while the crew were working between Florissant and Hayden's Divide he left his engine in charge of his assistant, and, with a fine shotgun, started along the base of the mountain in search of game. The first and only game he found was a mad cow, which promptly disputed his right to intrude upon her solitude. With a vicious toss of her head, and without the formality of an introduction, the bovine rushed at him, putting him to fright instanter. So close was

the race that the cow caught him by his clothing, splitting the back of his coat from waist to collar, and tossing him in the air.

THE COW CHARGED AGAIN.

Getting to his feet as quickly as possible after alighting, Blocker discharged both barrels of his gun into the irate brute, which only tended to increase her aggressiveness. She again charged upon him and succeeded in tossing him in the air three or four times. Not having time to reload, he clubbed his gun, and, as the enraged brute made another dash at him, he struck her over the head, with no other effect than to break the stock of the gun off just back of the lock. Matters began to look desperate about this time, but Blocker fortunately secured shelter behind a tree, and, notwithstanding the crippled condition of his gun, he succeeded in slipping a cartridge in each barrel, and at short range sent both charges into the animal's head just back of her ear. This stunned her so that he was able to escape and return to his engine, severely bruised up, but without any broken bones. He is of the opinion that there is not much choice between a mad cow and a grizzly bear when it comes to a rough-and-tumble set-to.—*Colorado Springs correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.*

An Empress in The Harem.

The Empress Victoria Augusta had in Turkey one experience not to be matched in any other place in Europe. To be received as a guest, but by men alone; to be entertained with perfect devotion, but exactly as if her host was a bachelor; to find not a single woman on the premises in any capacity, and then, after twenty-four hours of this kind of life, to be taken through a side door into a walled-up section of the palace, and there, in the midst of waiting women innumerable, and of unsurpassed magnificence, to be introduced to Madame the First Wife, Madame the Second, Madame the Third, Madame the Fourth, etc., etc., must of course impart a slight impression of limited hospitality to the flavor of the entertainment previously offered in the halls outside of the real household. This is what happened to the Empress of Germany. The impression produced by the passing glimpse of the real home of the Sultan was heightened by the fact that in Turkey etiquette forbids speaking to a man about his wife. The subject is very properly tabooed. The man who has fallen into multiple entanglements of the heart does not care to be addressed concerning them any more than he wishes to be talked to about any other weakness or failure of his life.

The ladies of the harem, says a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, have had one revelation in this connection, even more startling to them than this opening of the harem door and the taste of its democratic life could have been to the Empress. The rumor that their Imperial master had taken the Empress on his arm, and had driven through the streets sitting by her side in his own carriage as no one of them could possibly do, was in itself sufficiently amazing. But to read in all the daily papers the account of the visit of the Empress without her husband to the city, when the Turkish sailors manned the yards of the fleet in her honor, and when salutes were fired for her sole benefit, was a most unexpected disclosure of the heights of dignity to which a woman may attain in some parts of the world. Not one of the harem is known even by name to the nation, much less honored by the nation, as this stranger from Germany has been honored.

Female Customs Inspectors.

The greater part of the women inspectors in the New York custom-house were dismissed because there were so many complaints of ladies about their officiousness. "Men," say the ladies who travel, "make the best inspectors." They will do the work with more consideration for the feelings of the owner than one woman is likely to have for another.

Superstition.

A superstitious quarry foreman at Pottstown, Pa., spent a whole night recently in revolving a wagon-wheel, thinking that the operation would bring back the thief that stole his powder.